

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 979.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 26, 1878.

VOL. XXXVIII. No. 15.

Etelka Gerster.

Translated for this Journal from "Namenlose Blätter."

* * * Austria, the "land of voices," was the birthplace of ETELKA GERSTER. Her more immediate home is Hungary; Hungarian likewise is the name Etelka, in German Adelheid. The cradle of the child stood in the old Episcopal Residenz and "royal free town" Kaschau. Here she was born now three and twenty years ago, and passed her childhood in the lovely Hernad valley, full of vineyards, with no thought of any famous and artistic future, until the veil was lifted accidentally, and the parents, after long efforts, were persuaded to prepare and actually achieve this future for their child.

The accidental occasion offered itself in a concert that had been arranged in a narrow circle in Kaschau, of which the programme contained also the name Etelka Gerster. She was then twelve years old, and it was merely for amateurish amusement that the thoughtful little girl with her pretty childlike voice was allowed to sing before the invited company. But out of play grew real earnest: the Viennese director and professor Hellmesberger, who happened to be staying in Kaschau, was moved to such a lively sympathetic interest in the young Etelka's singing, that he persuaded the parents to consent to the professional musical education of their daughter.

And so it came to pass. She left the paternal house and the restricted opportunities of Kaschau, in exchange for the imperial city of Vienna and its abundant means for artistic development and culture, the most important of which for her was the Conservatorium, and the instruction in it of the celebrated singing teacher, Mme. Marchesi.

Her progress was most rapid and most brilliant; and when Mme. Marchesi found it admissible to present her pupil, in a concert arranged for this special purpose, before the artists and the leaders of society in Vienna, the result was for the young novice a success, such as has seldom been allotted to an artistic début in like circumstances.

Proud of her pupil, Mme. Marchesi now prepared the way for Etelka Gerster's first engagement on the stage at the Fenice theatre in Venice. On the 8th of January, 1876, she made there her first public trial on the actual boards; it was in *Rigoletto*; *Hamlet* and other pieces followed. The director, Carlo Gardini, now the husband of the artist, was in raptures with the young new-comer, and he soon resolved: This jewel must not hide its rays within the narrow local limits of a particular stage and city, but must be shewn to the world, so that this whole Art-loving world may find delight and inspiration in its starry splendor and its pure fire.

He made a contract with Etelka Gerster, by which the youthful artist surrendered herself

to the experienced guidance of one so intimately acquainted with all the relations of the theatre. He went first with her from Venice to Marseilles, and thence to Genoa, where in the Carlo-Felice theatre there was a repetition of the full and grand enthusiasm which the new "star" had already excited in the places before named. One man who joined in the acclamation of her audience at Genoa, was one whose tribute was of especial weight and value for her: Maestro Verdi, who for her Queen in the *Huguenots*, and for her *Sonnambula*, had only words of most unlimited praise and most sincere delight.

The third station on the artistic tour on which Signor Gardini was taking his jewel Etelka, was Berlin, the first German city in which she had sung, and—need we speak any further of the success which clung to the shining track of this child of fortune?

Young as she is, Etelka-Gerster is already a mistress of the technics of her art. But it is not this that makes her a "star" of the stage; at least, it is not this alone or chiefly. Nor is it the voice so lovely, tender, pure and chaste. The main thing always is the soul of her singing; and of her holds good what Schiller says:

Ein Schön'res find ich nicht, so lang' ich wähle—
Als in der schönen Form die schöne Seele!

"Nunquam Dormio."

Richard Wagner has uplifted a wailing voice at Bayreuth. He is not happy, and in the columns of the *Bayreuther Blätter* he tells us why. As usual, it is the condition of art that vexes him. Personally, no man has less right than he to urge that this is not the best of all possible worlds, for, assuming him to be the personification of truth, he conspicuously proves that the truth is great, and must prevail. Time was when this artistic Hercules had to fight hard, not so much for victory as for existence. But he has come triumphant out of great tribulation, and forced his way through a dark and tangled wilderness into a Paradise of sunshine and flowers. Emperors and Kings have journeyed far to do him honor, though they may have been glad to get away from his music; a large part of a great nation—indeed, of many nations—has acclaimed him as an apostle of light; and his theories, if not yet accepted in full, exert a mighty and world-wide influence. The old man—for such he now is, albeit the fire of youth seems still to burn in him—might well believe that he has done enough for honor; and if he spent the rest of his days in peace, varied only by sitting to photographers in more and more gorgeous dressing-gowns, nobody would be surprised or have a right to blame. Wagner, however, has always been a militant man, and militant he will remain while his capacity for fighting exists. Zealous for art according to his notions of what constitutes its well-being, he is also conscious of power. He knows that his club is as heavy as Giant Fafner's, and his spear as potent as God Wotan's. So he is always on the alert for somebody or something to annihilate. Yet now, we fear, the redoubtable champion has met his match. Looking round on the world of art, he sees it wholly

given up to the Mediocre, the vast and ponderous mass of which prevents all uprising into the region of the Good. Here is something to be put down, and Herr Wagner, having buckled on his armor, and inscribed his banner with the "strange device" of an Indian proverb, which says that the Mediocre is worse than the Bad, because it is liable to be mistaken for the Good, now comes forth to war. We shall see presently whether he is not attacking an old and detested enemy under cover of a great cause.

He properly takes care to define what is meant by the Mediocre. It is, as a rule, "that which does not offer us what is unknown and new, but, in a pleasing and agreeable form, what is already known." In short, the Mediocre is the production of talent as distinct from genius, and our champion agrees with Schopenhauer in considering that talent consists in "hitting a mark which we all see but cannot easily attain, while genius, or the Genius of the Good, hits a mark which we others do not perceive." It is this Mediocrity, or the offering of the already known in a pleasing and agreeable form, which dominates the situation, and drags the Good down to its own level. We are glad to find that Herr Wagner in the midst of his pessimism admits the existence of the Good—an admission, however, he, as an artistic creator, could not avoid without stultifying himself. The Good does exist, in, for example, the form of *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, but, unhappily, when presented to the public, it is good no longer. Wagner is most precise in setting out this depressing circumstance, and says, "I have now in my eye the present state of public art among us when I assert that it is impossible for anything to be really good if, from the outset, intended to be presented to the public, and if such intended presentation floats as a modifying element before the author's mind while he plans and carries out his work." This sweeping dictum disposes of nearly everything in the catalogue of artistic productions; but how as to the works which, like *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, were created of "unconscious necessity," and without any reference whatever to a great stupid public? Alas! they also become mediocre when the common eye rests upon them. Their very presentation is called by Wagner "a demoniacal stroke of Fate," upon which some may inquire why the writer assisted the infernal power at Bayreuth, and, under more positively diabolic conditions, at the Albert Hall. Herr Wagner prudently anticipates the question, and, never at a loss, represents the "demoniacal stroke" as "founded in the deep necessity urging to their" (the works') "conception; a stroke by which the work must in a certain degree be relinquished by its creator to the world." So relinquished, he contends, the Good necessarily becomes Mediocre. It is presented in the same form as the Mediocre, on the same stage, by the same performers; and therefore, since what is equal to the demands of the one cannot satisfy those of the other, it is presented badly. Nevertheless, we are told, some spectators may be able to discern the Good in spite of its distortion. All such, however, are by that very fact disqualified from ranking among the ordinary theatrical public. And yet Herr Wagner admits some germs of capacity in the theatrical public, because it hears, sees, and experiences, as well as reads. It is liable to be led astray, but "it knows how to raise itself out of its sunken position, and invariably does so immediately it is offered something good,"

as when, for example, a "well-to-do inhabitant of a small town" attended the Bayreuth Festival under an impression that it was a swindle, and returned loudly stating his resolve to lose no subsequent performance. But this perceptiveness is of small avail. The theatrical public can never have the Purely Good set before it, and the whole theatrical world revolves in a vicious circle.

Under these circumstances, what is to be done? Herr Wagner has no difficulty in deciding, and lifts the club of Fafner against the newspaper press, which he declares to be the cause of all the mischief, because it panders to the taste of the public instead of correcting it. Did not the editor of a popular journal, for example, refuse insertion to a letter vindicating Wagner himself, on the plea that he had to consider his public? And such a public—one concerning whom the Bayreuth master says that, in common with all mere newspaper readers, "their character is sluggishness, which, with easy-going wisdom, spares itself the trouble of thinking and judging, and this more zealously as the habit of long years has finally put the stamp of conviction on the exercise of sloth." Wagner has only contempt for press readers; but for press writers he has weapons, wielded with the animosity engendered by long years of bitter warfare. Men like Hanslick are the Mordecais of this favorite of kings, who, had he the power, would order a gallows for them, and shut his eyes to the sinister precedent of Haman. As it is, he gibbets them in print with a smartness as worthy the admiration of the victim as ever were the jokes of Petit-André, or the homilies of Trois-Echelles. Opening with a loud laugh at the very idea of a man becoming a virtuoso in language when the language is German, he goes on to sneer at the German "gutter-feuilletonists," who ape the clever and artistic utterances of the French. As virtuosity is talent, these men "of printed German intelligence" cannot be even talented. "Nor is it surprising," continues Wagner, "that they entertain an uncommon hatred for the Good, the work of genius, if only because it disturbs them so much. And how easy it is for them to find sympathisers in their hates! The whole reading public—nay, the entire nation—degraded by reading the papers, backs them up." We are told, further, that the press must attack something to assert its power and keep up its influence. It is like a feudal baron, the very number of whose men-at-arms compelled him to set upon and plunder his neighbors. For objects of attack the scribblers are never at a loss. "All are illiberal," says the angry master, "and hate anything uncommon, especially anything pursuing its own course without troubling itself about them. The more rare such prey is, the more unanimously do they fall on it when it does present itself." For anything better, he contends, they are impotent; but after all Wagner entertains towards them somewhat of pity. They are a numerous band, it seems, and each wants to live—a process which the German public assist by their partiality for indolence, their inherent leaning to rejoice at others' misfortunes, and their "sorry delight in warming themselves at a straw fire." By way of comment upon all this, we can only say that, although the literary Wagner is much more entertaining than the Wagner of music, his friends should not let him touch a pen save under bond to avoid pamphleteering. What a sorry picture of a great man have we here! Though successful beyond most, though his fame and influence have filled the world, "all this is as nothing" while some stubborn knees will not bend. Hence these sweeping denunciations of the public, and these bitter onslaughts on those who have the public ear. "Ambition," says Burton, "is described by various authors as a gallant madness, a pleasant poison, a hidden plague, a secret poison, a caustic of the soul, the moth of holiness, the mother of hypocrisy, and, by crucifying and disquieting all it takes

hold of, the cause of melancholy and madness." This is a poor prospect for Wagner; but comfort remains for those who are expecting successors to *Der Ring des Nibelungen*. The master's followers often set up a parallelism between him and Schopenhauer, whose philosophy of life, their leader tells us, is summed up by the ignorant German nation thus: "We ought to shoot ourselves." While sneering at the absurd conclusion, it is not likely that even the pessimism of Bayreuth will drive Wagner to such an extremity.—*Daily Telegraph*, (London).

The Literature of National Music.

BY CARL ENGEL.

(Concluded from Page 316.)

There are still the collections of songs of extra-European nations to be enumerated. This task will soon be accomplished, since there are comparatively but few publications of the kind worthy of consideration. The specimens of airs given in some treatises, which will later be mentioned, are the most reliable, and are certainly worthy of careful perusal. For instance, useful specimens of songs of the Arabs are given in an elaborate essay on the musical system of the Arabs, written by G. A. Villoteau, and printed in "Description de l'Egypte." Villoteau was a member of the scientific expedition which accompanied Napoleon Bonaparte to Egypt, in the year 1798. As regards separate collections, the student ought to make himself acquainted with the following:—

"The Oriental Miscellany; being a collection of the most favorite Aïrs of Hindustan, compiled and adapted for the Harpsichord, etc.," by William Hamilton Bird (Calcutta: printed by Joseph Cooper, 1789; folio). This interesting publication, which is scarce, contains thirty tunes, preceded by a short introduction in which the editor explains the characteristics of the different kinds of songs of Hindustan. To some of the tunes the editor has added variations of his own composition; nevertheless, the work deserves the special attention of the collector of Hindu music. Similar, but less important collections are: "Hindoostanee Songs, dedicated to Mrs. Bristow," by C. Trinks, organist of St. John's Church (Calcutta; folio); contains fifteen tunes. "Twelve Original Hindoostanee Aïrs, compiled and harmonized" by T. G. Williamson (London, about 1797; folio). "Second Collection of Twelve Original Hindoostanee Aïrs, compiled and harmonized" by T. G. Williamson (London, 1798; folio). "Twelve Hindoo Aïrs with English words adapted to them" (London: Birchall; folio), etc.

"The Hindustani Choral Book, or Swar Sangrah; containing the Tunes of those Hymns in the Git Sangrah which are in Native Metres;" compiled by John Parsons (Benares: printed and published by E. J. Lazarus and Co., 1861; 8vo). In the instructive preface the editor remarks: "This collection of tunes has been made in the hope that it may render the collection of hymns entitled Git Sangrah, to which it is adapted, more generally useful to the native congregations where those hymns are usually sung. The natives of Hindustan having no system of musical notation current among them, the native Christians are only able to learn the tunes of the hymns published for them by hearing them sung. In this volume melodies for the hymns in native metres in the Git Sangrah are given in the usual musical notes; and if missionaries or others, who have the requisite skill, will acquire these tunes from the notes, and then sing them to the native congregations, they will find that they will learn them with much greater facility than English tunes, and sing them with particular pleasure. The air only of the tunes has been given, because it is not customary with the natives to sing more than one part. Almost all the melodies have been taken down as they are sung by the persons who either composed them or first sang them to Christian hymns, and no attempt has been made to improve or modify them. Those tunes which are distinguished by an asterisk are standard Hindu tunes taken down from professional singers."

The Chinese airs which have been brought to Europe are not published in a separate collection. The same remark applies to the airs of the Siamese and Burmese. A number of Japanese airs, which P. F. von Siebold noted down during his sojourn in Japan, have been arranged for the piano-forte by J.

Küfner (Leyden, 1836; oblong 8vo). Persian airs are contained in "Specimens of the Popular Poetry of Persia," by Alexander Chodzko (London: Allen and Co., 1842; 8vo). Aïrs of songs from Tunis and Algeria have been collected, and arranged for the piano-forte, by Salvador-Daniel (Paris: Richault; folio).

In America we have to notice the songs of the Canadian boatmen, who are hunters and fur-traders, and are of French extraction. Several collections of these songs have been published in Canada and in the United States, such as "La Lyre Canadienne," "Chants de Voyageur Canadien," "Chansons Canadiennes," etc. Many of the airs are old; some, which were brought to Canada by the French settlers about three hundred years ago, are still sung to the original French words. A selection of them which has appeared in England is entitled "Canadian Aïrs, collected by Lieutenant Back, R.N., during the late Arctic Expedition under Captain Franklin; with Symphonies and Accompaniments," by Edward Knight (London: J. Power, 1823; folio, two volumes). These airs have English poetry substituted for the original French poetry of the *voyageurs*.

In the United States we find among the popular songs several which evidently were imported into the western hemisphere by the German immigrants. The country is too young to possess old tunes of its own growth, if we except the airs of the Indian aborigines. No doubt, the ultimate characteristics of the national airs of the United States will depend much upon the songs which the children at the present time are taught to sing. A melody which we have learnt in early childhood, and with which pleasant recollections are associated, remains to us endeared through lifetime. The song-books for children, of which many have appeared in the United States, are therefore suggestive to the student of national music. As a curious specimen may be noticed "School Melodies; containing a choice Collection of Popular Aïrs, with original and appropriate words," by J. W. Greene (Boston, 1852; oblong 12mo). In the preface the editor says: "The leading characteristics of the present work are that the airs are almost exclusively popular; and of one of the songs he remarks: 'It has long been a favorite in the Boston schools.' This little song, called 'John Brown,' is evidently intended to teach little children to count as far as ten. The tune to which it is sung is almost identical with the air of 'O, dear! what can the matter be?' which was rather in vogue in London towards the end of the last century. However, the words are the most characteristic feature of the American ditty; for the children, before they have learnt to count their ten fingers, are led by it to regard an Indian child as if it were a puppy:—

John Brown had a little Indian—
Had a little Indian boy.
One, two, three little Indian—
Four, five, six little Indian—
Seven, eight, nine little Indian—
Ten little Indian boys.
John Brown had ten little Indian—
Ten little Indian boys.

The initiatory lesson embodied in this song perhaps explains certain conceptions which occur in a particularly noteworthy book entitled "Slave Songs in the United States" (New York: Simpson and Co., 1867: royal 8vo), which affords an insight into Negro music. The greater number of the songs in this book were written down from the lips of the colored people by its editors, W. F. Allen, C. P. Ware, and L. M. Garrison. A few of the songs were composed since the emancipation of the slaves; all the others are old. Most of them are sacred songs, the poetry being in the Negro dialect. Funny as this corrupted English may appear in certain humorous songs which one occasionally hears by so-called Negro minstrels in England, the impression it produces in the touching hymns and sacred songs is very different; there will probably be but few readers among those who peruse these artless and sincere effusions who will not be deeply impressed with the words as well as with the airs. In an annotation to the touching song called "Nobody knows de trouble I've had," we are told by the editors: "Once, when there had been a good deal of ill-feeling excited, and trouble was apprehended, owing to the uncertain action of the Government in regard to the confiscated land on the Sea Islands, General Howard was called upon to address the colored people earnestly and even severely. Sympathizing with them, however, he could not speak to his own satisfaction; and to relieve their minds of the ever-present sense of injustice, and prepare them to listen, he asked them

to sing. Immediately an old woman on the outskirts of the meeting began: 'Nobody knows de trouble I've had,' and the whole audience joined in. The General was so affected by the plaintive words and melody, that he found himself melting into tears, and quite unable to maintain his official sternness."

Turning to Mexico, we have especially to notice: "Colección de 24 Canciones y Ja:abes Mexicanos, arreglados para Piano" (Hamburg: Böhme; folio), a publication which contains interesting specimens of those little Mexican airs in which an unaccented note of the bar is emphasized. To appreciate fully these charming melodies, one must imagine them sung, with the accompaniment of the guitar, by a sentimental serenader on a serene Mexican night. An attention to such associations is indispensable in order to ascertain exactly the true spirit of national songs. An inquirer who has no lively imagination, and is deficient in poetical conception, probably will not experience a high degree of enjoyment in the examination of these treasures.

In "Zwölf Brasilianische Volkslieder, herausgegeben von J. H. Clasing" (Hamburg: Cranz; oblong folio), we have a selection of Brazilian airs resembling the Portuguese *modinha*, from which they are evidently an off-spring. The "Alyra Pernambucana," by M. J. R. Vieira (Pernambuco; folio), consists of a series of popular pieces. Here may also be mentioned: "Seis Canciones Españoles del Perú y Chile," edited by G. de la Perdiz (London: Peck, 1846; folio), which contains an English translation of the original words. Airs of the Indian aborigines in South America have been published in a Supplement to "Reise in Brasilien," by Spix and Martius (Munich, 1823; 4to), and in "Voyage dans l'Amérique Méridionale," by Alcide d'Orbigny (Paris, 1839-48). Twelve songs of the South American Indians, arranged for the pianoforte by C. E. Södling, have been published in Sweden (Stockholm: A. Hirsch; folio).

There remains a word to be said concerning the so-called transcriptions of national airs by eminent pianists. Some of these are very interesting. F. Liszt, for instance, has rendered the characteristics of the Hungarian music most faithfully; perhaps he succeeded in this all the better since he is himself a native of Hungary. However, the present division of our research is already so long, that I am loth to enter upon any topic which is of secondary importance for the object in view.

J. B. Cramer.

Mr. Edward Dannreuther, in Part IV. of Grove's admirable *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, which has just come to hand, speaks thus intelligently of the piano-playing and the compositions of the famous author of the "Studies."

J. B. Cramer's playing was distinguished by the astonishing even cultivation of the two hands, which enabled him, while playing legato, to give an entirely distinct character to florid inner parts, and thus attain a remarkable perfection of execution. He was noted among his contemporaries for his expressive touch in adagio, and in this, and in facility for playing at sight, he was able when in Paris to hold his own against the younger and more advanced pianists. His improvisations were for the most part in a style too artistic and involved for general appreciation. Cramer's mechanism exhibits the development between Clementi and Hummel, and is distinguished from the period of Moscheles and Kalkbrenner which followed it, by the fact that it aimed more at the cultivation of music in general than at the display of the specific qualities of the instrument. All his works are distinguished by a certain musical solidity, which would place them in the same rank with those of Hummel, had his invention been greater and more fluent; but as it is, the artistic style, and the interesting harmony, are counterbalanced by a certain dryness and poverty of expression in the melody. It is true that among his many compositions for pianoforte there are several which undeniably possess musical vitality, and in particular his 7 concertos deserve to be occasionally brought forward; but, speaking generally, his works (105 sonatas, 1 quartet for pianoforte, 1 quintet, and countless variations, rondos, fantasias, etc.), are now forgotten. In one sphere of composition alone Cramer has left a conspicuous and abiding memorial of his powers. His representative work, '54 Studies in two parts of 42 each,' is of classical value for its intimate combina-

tion of significant musical ideas, with the most instructive mechanical passages. No similar work except Clementi's 'Gradus ad Parnassum' has been so long or so widely used, and there are probably few pianists who have not studied it with profit. It forms the fifth part of Cramer's 'Grosse praktische Pianoforte-Schule' (Schubert, Leipzig), and has appeared in numerous separate editions. Of these the earliest is probably the lithograph edition of Breitkopf & Härtel, of which the second part appeared in 1810; next in importance ranks the last that was revised by Cramer himself, viz., the original English edition of Cramer & Co., which contained, as op. 81, '16 nouvelles Etudes,' making in all 100; and finally an edition without the additional Nos., revised by Coccini, and published a few years later than that last mentioned, by Breitkopf & Härtel. A selection of '50 Etudes,' edited by von Bülow (Albi, Munich), is especially useful to teachers from the excellent remarks appended to it, though, on the other hand, it contains a number of peculiarities which may or may not be justifiable, the editor having transposed one of the studies and modified the fingering of them all to meet the exigencies of the modern keyboard. The above edition in 100 numbers must be distinguished from the 'Schule der Geläufigkeit' (op. 100), also containing 100 daily studies, and which forms the second part of the 'Grosse Pianoforte Schule,' and should be used as a preparation for the great 'Etudes.'

If it is asked, When did Cramer flourish, and what does he represent to us? the answer usually returned is that he was born after Clementi and died after Hummel, and that he forms the link between those two great players and writers for their instrument. But no pianist with his eyes open would commit himself to such a statement, which rests solely upon two dates of birth and death, and leaves out of sight every spiritual connection, every indication of mental paternity and relationship. The truth is that Cramer does not surpass Clementi as regards the technical treatment of the pianoforte, but stops considerably short of him; Cramer's best sonatas are as much mere tame and timid than Clementi's best, as his most valuable études are technically easier and less daring than the chefs-d'œuvres of Clementi's Gradus. Spiritually, though not mechanically, Cramer occupies a field of his own, which all pianists respect. Many of his études are poems, like Mendelssohn's Songs without words. But in his sonatas, etc., he moves in a restricted groove of his own, near the highway of Mozart. The name 'J. B. Cramer' really signifies Cramer's Etudes—let us say some forty or fifty out of the hundred he has published. These certainly are good music—a few, perhaps a dozen, even beautiful music, and always very good practice. But pitted against forty or fifty out of the hundred numbers of Clementi's Gradus, which are equally good music, and decidedly better practice, they sink irretrievably.

The treatment of the pianoforte as distinct from the harpsichord, if pursued along its plain and broad high-road, does not necessarily touch upon Cramer. It stretches from Clementi to Beethoven on the one side, from Mozart to Hummel on the other; from Mozart *via* Hummel, and Clementi *via* Field, to Chopin; and from Hummel, *via* Chopin and Beethoven, to Liszt. Cramer, like Moscheles after him, though not of the first authority, must be considered one of the fathers of the church of pianoforte playing, and worthy of consultation at all times. [E. D.]

THE DILETTANTI OF THE LAST CENTURY. The dilettanti of the last century were more thorough musicians than are most of ours, besides having had the advantage of learning, not from teachers who are mere performers who have failed, but very often from first-rate composers, Leo, Porpora, Jomelli, Galuppi, who did not disdain by any means to give private lessons. The pupils were usually worthy of their masters, and Dr. Burney heard excellent performers, vocal and instrumental, at the private concerts he attended at Milan, Venice and Rome, in the dull, bare parlors of the upper middle classes, and in the gorgeously stuccoed and gilded saloons of the aristocracy; for in that day music belonged equally to all classes, being a fruit not of special culture, but of general civilization. Round these dilettante performers, whether dressed in broadcloth or in embroidered satin, was congregated the far larger class of merely appreciative amateurs, who neither sung nor played, nor composed, but for whose benefit, singers, violinists and composers were produced. Some of these were of the oracular sort, others of the disputative, others of the ecstatic. The oracular ones were old gentlemen, senators, *monsignori*, lawyers and doctors, who gave

advice to young musicians; and, as the singer Mancini tells us, taught well-endowed but slightly rigid sopranos and tenors how to move their arms and legs gracefully and expressively, and how (as the malicious Marcello adds) to take snuff and blow their nose without impeding the dramatic action; the disputative were younger men, men of fashion and wit, who discussed musical matters under the hands of their hairdresser, like Parini's young gentleman, wrote indecorous sonnets against admirers of rival musicians, and occasionally waylaid and thrashed them with sedan-chair sticks; the ecstatics, on the other hand, were mainly ladies, or effeminate *cazzieri terribili*—descendants, and worthy ones, of those noble dilettanti, who sallied out a whole mile outside this town of Bologna to meet the singer Baldassare Ferri, and heaped his carriage with roses, somewhere about the year 1650. In the soberer eighteenth century, when great singers became more plentiful, the ecstatics remained at home, but were none the less ecstatic, the ladies wearing portraits of great performers, fainting, like Beckford's Paduan lady, from musical rapture; in short showing their love of music in a hundred absurd fashions, at which satirists either shook their heads like Parini, or Gozzi, or laughed like Passeroni and Marcello; and foreigners looked amazed, and remarked that the Italians had become a nation of children.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

The New Conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society.

At a meeting, held by the members of the New York Philharmonic Society, on Tuesday, Sept. 24th, Mr. Adolf Neuendorff was elected for the position of conductor, left vacant by the departure of Mr. Theodore Thomas for the West. Two candidates were in the field, Mr. Neuendorff's opponent being Dr. Leopold Damrosch. The election gave to the latter only 29 votes, while Neuendorff carried the victory with 46 votes. As it is generally the case after an election, there are parties who are proud of their victory, and others, who, being defeated, mourn over the result. Fortunately, we do not belong to the partisans, who praise or condemn for the sake of personal reasons. We acknowledge willingly the merits of everybody, without overlooking faults. What Mr. Neuendorff will do, what he might accomplish with the New York Philharmonic Society, future times will show. He finds a material, which neither Bergmann nor Damrosch could boast of. Through the coalition of Thomas's orchestra with the Philharmonic Society, the City of New York has an orchestra which leaves very little to be desired. Mr. Neuendorff will command a splendid musical organization, and we do not doubt that he will do all in his power to keep up the standard of the Society. Of course, Neuendorff is not free of faults. But who else is? We think that he lacks a certain delicacy of feeling, a refined manner of musical expression, but he amply compensates for these shortcomings by an unbounded energy and the fire of youth. People say he is led by vanity; but it is not good nor wise to confound the terms: vanity and ambition. Of course, Neuendorff is ambitious; but this ambition can only be of advantage to the Philharmonic Society. Formerly, when Neuendorff was led into speculation by vanity, he lost money, and hardly gained anything but the approbation of some Germans. In this case, speculation has nothing to do. He considers the position of conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society an honor, conferred on him without any mercenary views, and this feeling ought to insure the artistic success of the concerts. As to the financial point, we are not too sanguine, and give the members of the Philharmonic Society the advice to follow our example. Nobody can say, that Dr. Damrosch is not a musician of the highest ability, of great talent and remarkable intellectual powers. When he conducted the concerts of the Philharmonic Society, the dividends of the members fell down to a trifle, which was quadrupled when Thomas took the *bâton* in hand. The name of Theodore Thomas has been amalgamated in New York with symphony concerts, to such a degree, that his name alone made the prospects of the Philharmonic Society last season look bright and more cheerful. Mr. Thomas has resigned, and his successor cannot expect to show the same financial results at the end of the season. We consider Mr. Neuendorff's first season nothing but a trial; he might show what he is able to do, and when, after a successful season, the public of New York has full confidence in him as conductor of the first musical organization in our city, the financial success will speedily follow his efforts. As in political life, so among artists, it is too often to be found that the minority which has been defeated is ready to abuse the successful candidate of the opposition, even after the election. This would be a grave mistake on the part of the mem-

bers of the Philharmonic. They all ought to stand, like one man, and support the newly-elected conductor with all their power. They would act against their own interests if they should behave with a certain animosity against Mr. Neuendorff. We speak about this point, because we hear that such feeling has already taken root, and only madness could justify it. Mr. Neuendorff has been elected; now give him the chance of developing the strength of the organization to its full extent. He is full of energy and a steady worker, and it is the duty of all the members of the Society to lend him their aid by showing good will and friendly feelings.—*Music Trade Review.*

The School of Vocal Art.

MADAME EMMA SELIER has removed her "School of Vocal Art" from Spruce street to the much larger and more convenient house, No. 1104 Walnut street. The constantly increasing usefulness and influence of Mad. Selier's institution are proved in many ways among the students and their friends. The enthusiasm which is inspired by study under such favorable conditions has already given the school a great reputation. Mad. Selier has the assistance of the very best instructors in the various branches connected with the art of music, and such names as Mr. M. H. Cross and Mr. Hugh Clarke add largely to the strength of the corps of instruction. The new building, in which alterations have just been completed, supplies room for the instruction of a very large number of students, but the indications are at present that within a very short time its capacity will be fully taxed. The arrangement of the various study-rooms, concert-room, offices, etc., as well as the complete system followed in every department, attests the thorough knowledge and long-experience possessed by Madame Selier in every branch of her profession.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

More About Concert-Rooms.

(To the Editor of the London "Musical Times.")

SIR,—The question raised by Mr. Statham in this month's *Musical Times* of how to build rooms having good acoustic properties is so important that it ought not to be allowed to drop without discussion, for though little appears to be known of the subject at present, *laws must exist* by the obeying of which a room good for sound is produced, and by the infringing of which a room is deprived of sound-carrying power. Mr. Statham is, I believe, like myself, an architect, and he is also evidently a keen and thoughtful musician, so that he is possessed of a double qualification for pursuing the investigation of this most important subject; and it is in the hope that he, and many others who have studied the subject, will join in trying to elucidate the laws which, as I said before, must exist, that I venture, though with great diffidence, to lay before you my view of the case. To begin, I must say that I am entirely at issue with Mr. Statham as to the analogy of the organ-pipe and the uselessness of rhythmical proportions in rooms. Firstly, *except in length*, the proportions of an organ-pipe have nothing to do with the fundamental note produced, for a 16-foot violon, of small scale, and a 16-foot open diapason, of large scale, produce the same fundamental note, and are only different in quality. Secondly, the fundamental note of even any ordinary-sized room—say 18 ft. x 15 ft. x 10 ft. 6 in.—is never heard, as the note according to the organ-pipe theory would be given by its length, and would be somewhere about AAA; but the note that is heard is, as I believe, a high harmonic of the fundamental note given by the length of the room, reinforced by sympathetic harmonics given by the other proportions of the room, if it be acoustically good. What I have so far said should be understood to apply only to the note of the room produced by mere noise, such as the dropping of a hammer or a smack on the wall. Now, as I at present believe, in a room that is acoustically good the harmonic predominating differs with the different notes sung or played, and is that nearest to the note produced that is common to all three dimensions of the room. If the near harmonics common to the two greater dimensions only are sympathetic, then the room is indifferent for sound; and if the harmonics of all three dimensions are unsympathetic one with the other, they contend with and destroy each other, and the consequence is that, instead of hearing a musical tone from voice or instrument, you only hear a bald note "as tasteless as pure water," its own proper harmonics being swallowed up almost immediately by the conflict of unsympathetic harmonics going on; the result feeling to the singer like a veil before his mouth, and to the violinist as if his strings were strung over a solid block of wood.

The deduction I would draw is that the best proportions for concert-rooms, churches, or any other places required for music or speaking, are those which will give the greatest number of near harmonics common to all three dimensions, so that each note produced may select, as I believe it will, and be reinforced by its first harmonic that is common to the proportions of the room. I have noticed curious instances of this reinforcing power in certain rooms that have galleries, and I will instance one that I know well, as I have both sung and played in it frequently. On the orchestra, to the performers, everything sounds wooden and dead, the sound does not seem to be able to get away, and there feels to be a lack of tone in both voices and instruments; in the body of the hall and in the galleries the feeling of the audience is that of hearing with difficulty and almost painfully, and the fullest music sounds thin and lacking *timbre*; but under the galleries, and at the most distant points under them, the sounds that to the intervening occupants of the body of the hall had seemed so thin and dead came out with a full musical quality and with a power that is not felt near to the performers. Now it is quite certain that the initial sound does not increase in volume as it gets more distant from its point of production, but I think Professor Tyndall has shown (I am speaking from memory, as I have not his lectures by me) that sound may be spaced out, as it were, into alternating areas of sound and silence by conflict of sounds. Is it not probable then that in the case I am referring to the aisles formed by the galleries have their proportions in some harmonic relation to each other, whereas the whole of the rest of the room has no such relation, and is consequently an area of harmonic silence? I have already made the letter too long, or I should have something to say on echo and undue reverberation in rooms. I hope Mr. Statham will forgive me for having expressed an opinion so diametrically opposed to his own, for he is manifestly to me a much more learned musician than myself. I have only ventured into the arena of discussion with him in order that, whether he or I be on the right track, something may be done to solve a question the want of a solution of which has led to so many lamentable failures in the acoustic properties of buildings specially designed for hearing in.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
CHAS. NOEL ARMFIELD.

9, Broomfield Terrace, Whitby,
Sept. 19, 1878.

[I am very glad that my remarks on concert-rooms should have called forth so interesting a letter as that of Mr. Armfield; but as I have had an opportunity of reading it before publication, perhaps I may be allowed space at the foot of it to point out that his first point of difference from me is entirely an imaginary one. If he will look at my article again, he will see that I said not one word about an analogy between an organ-pipe and a concert-room, nor did I even imagine such an analogy to exist. I referred to the fact that a concert-room which reinforces one particular note is very disagreeable, and I then remarked how strongly this was illustrated sometimes by an organ in which one special pipe set the whole room shaking; merely adducing this as a disagreeable effect which every one must have noticed.]

The rest of Mr. Armfield's letter appears very practical and suggestive, and I should certainly keep it in mind in any future study of the subject, as at all events indicating some important points in regard to which observations should be made. I must confess, however, that at present I am sceptical as to the possibility of building rooms for music in accordance with an rigidly scientific theory with anything like a certainty of success; because, though proportions can be measured and arranged accurately, so many accidental influences which cannot be calculated come in to affect the result—even the varying numbers and position of the audience, or the position of the performers on a crowded orchestra, may have an important effect on the music. My impression is that more practical good is likely to be done by systematic observation of the effect of music in various rooms and under various circumstances (towards which Mr. Armfield gives one or two valuable facts) than by framing a mathematical theory by which the room *ought* to be right. I am the rather inclined to this view from having observed that some of the most impractical schemes for concert-rooms have come from scientific acousticians who knew nothing of music nor of the conditions under which concerts must be

carried on. Now, whatever may be the value of acoustic science in the matter, musical knowledge is absolutely necessary in order to form a judgment of the results; for without it how can the acoustic theorist know whether he is hearing what he ought to hear or not? An amusing instance of this occurred when the Albert Hall was opened, when a very eminent scientific man complimented the constructor of the hall on his entire success, and the constructor had the compliment recorded in the papers, although every musical man knew that the result was not satisfactory.—H. HEATHCOTE STATHAM.]

Minnie Hauk.

(To the Editor of the London "Musical World.")

SIR,—It is not so very many years since the majority of the so-called educated classes in England used to laugh at the idea of art in America. Readers of *Sam Slick* and of books written in imitation of that work of fiction gave our Transatlantic cousins credit, it is true, for ingenuity in producing wooden nutmegs, clocks without insides, wringing machines, lawn-mowers, and egg-beaters, but obstinately denied that they would ever make themselves a name in general literature, poetry, painting, or music. Such incredulous persons persistently ignored the circumstance that America is a young country. Yet, young as she is, men like Washington Irving, Longfellow, Bryant, Power, not to mention a host of others, went far to prove even then that Americans were not quite such a mere mechanical, matter-of-fact race as was asserted. In these days of railroads and electric telegraphs, nations move rapidly forward on the road of civilization and culture; a lustre now suffices in many things for them to advance further than their fore-fathers advanced in a century. Were examples wanting, I might point to the strides made in the matter of music by those whom purblind and, I am afraid, prejudiced, critics, derided and stigmatized as possessing no sentiment for aught of the sort. It is true that the Americans have not produced a Bach, a Handel, a Mozart, a Mendelssohn, a Rossini, or an Auber. But they are learning to love and honor those great masters more and more every day; they study and perform those masters' works with increasing zeal and frequency, thereby elevating their own taste and strengthening their own judgment. Devoted and enthusiastic scholars not unfrequently become masters in their turn. Those who sneer at the idea of an artistic America should remember that it is but very lately that the parrot-cry about England's not being a musical nation has been proved to be as stupid as it is false.

More especially in one of the practical branches of music has America reason to be proud and hopeful. Her vocalists are steadily becoming more numerous and more highly esteemed every day, and their reputation is no longer confined to the country of their birth. I could go through a long roll of them, had I time and space, but, as both fail, I will restrict myself to mentioning Miss Minnie Hauk as a bright example of the artists to whom I allude. Her career is an instructive one, and I will briefly give some of its most salient and interesting points, which may be new to your readers.

In 1866, a young girl, not over fifteen, was brought to Max Maretzek. He looked at her; he listened to her; she had a bright, soprano voice, and a certain unconscious and spontaneous grace of action and utterance that impressed him. He sent her to a singing-master named Errani, whom he paid to give her lessons. She was an apt scholar, and in six months had possessed herself of two or three of the higher *roles* of the Italian repertory. In the winter of '67-8 she made her *début* at the Winter Garden, New York, in the *Sonnambula*, under Mr. Maretzek's *bâton*. It was a fair success. Few more youthful Aminas had ever presented themselves to an American public, and the unpretentious girliness of this one produced a favorable impression. Still, no one thought at that time little Minnie Hauk was wonderfully precocious. It was not even claimed for her by her manager, as has been claimed for so many immature singers since, that she was a second Patti. Mr. Maretzek's opinion was that she would, with training and judicious management, make a popular and acceptable light soprano. He is not known to have predicted anything phenomenal of her. Minnie Hauk, however, possessed one trait that no manager could very well detect at that time. She had in her blood persistence and patience, qualities not generally accredited to the American temperament, and it is to them that much of her after success is attrib-

unable. There was no operatic star in New York at the time except Miss Kellogg, who patronized the girl a little, and allowed her to sing on the same evenings with herself. Thus, in *The Carnival of Venice*, Miss Kellogg took one soprano part and the fair tyro the other. An influential critic wrote of the performance as follows:—

"It may not be out of place to say of these charming singers thus brought fortuitously together, that while they appeared so evenly to the admiration of the public they are essentially unlike in temperament, talent, and tendency. One is peculiarly a vocalist. The other is a singing actress. Miss Kellogg's voice is the most extensive in range and the largest in tone, but lacks the brightness and easy volubility of the other. Miss Kellogg sings with skill, Miss Hawk with natural impulse. When experience has ripened these girls into accepted *prime donne*, it will be said of one that she is an admirable artist, of the other that she is a charming singer and actress."

The next advance Miss Minnie made in public favor was due to her impersonation of Zerlina in *Don Giovanni*, with Mme. Parepa and Miss Kellogg in the two other leading female characters. Then came a ruinous season at the Grand Opera-house under Lafayette Harrison. When it reached its close Max Maretzek determined, if possible, to save Minnie Hawk for the future. Her parents were poor, and it was necessary for her, if she was to become a sterling singer, to be sent out of the country. The manager stated the case to a gentleman of the name of Lawrence Jerome, who, after hearing her sing, most generously undertook the responsibility of her education.

She came to Europe, where she at once ran the risk of wrecking all her future. Instead of settling down, in pursuance of the plan agreed on ere she crossed the Atlantic, to quiet and persevering study, she listened to the voice of the charmer, as personified in a certain speculative *impresario*. This gentleman endeavored to try what puffery might do. He announced the young lady in Paris by means of a series of marvellously romantic anecdotes, one more wonderful than the other. She was described as a kind of half-civilized Pocahontas, riding a mustang barebacked, and worshipped by all the aborigines of the continent as a dusky daughter of the Sun. The *Gaulois* and the *Figaro* spun the most brilliant biographies. One of them told how a New York millionaire, while travelling on the plains, had been attacked by Indians, who proceeded to torture him in the approved fashion. While thus engaged, they were startled by the apparition of a beautiful maiden dressed in wampum polonaise and buckskin train, and singing "Batti, batti," who soothed their savage breasts and rescued the millionaire. In sheer gratitude he built her a marble opera-house in New York city, and poured his fortune at her feet. *La Mode Illustrée* gave an account of the effect the American miracle produced on Auber when she sang for him. He was represented as throwing up his arms convulsively at the first note, and exclaiming "Mon Dieu! It is a crystal bell struck with a velvet hammer!" and then becoming insensible.

This, however, may remind some readers of a slightly similar performance of Rossini's, when Mrs. Moulton was taken to him. If we are to believe the Parisian journalists, he listened to her opening notes, pressed his hand upon his heart, and, as his head sank upon his bosom, muttered, "Ah, yes! it is the voice that sings to me in my dreams when I am composing." Despite, however, the manager's preliminary puffs, Minnie Hawk did not achieve a triumph. The day after her first appearance one of the critics wrote: "All the songstresses not on duty were at the Italian Opera last night, to hear Minnie Hawk. They observed her. They studied her. All of them slept well. The serpent of envy did not bite their hearts."

This was in January, 1869. Minnie Hawk had been exposed to a great peril, but fortunately was not crushed by it. On the contrary, she is probably indebted to it for the position she now occupies and the fact that her reputation is European. Her eyes were opened. The truth, convincing and irresistible, flashed upon her. On leaving the French capital for Germany, she determined to put her trust in unflinching, conscientious hard work alone. She steadfastly carried out her determination. For years she continued the most zealous of students, even after she had begun to reap the reward of her efforts. We know the result. Despite of opposition and intrigue, she became the popular favorite at Berlin and Brussels; in Vienna, her name was a

household word; in London, she was a revelation. Who can ever forget her Carmen!

Ere long she will once more appear in New York. But under what altered circumstances! She left the Empire City a promising girl. She returns a consummate artist. Her countrymen should be proud of her, for she is one of those who represent their art-progress, of which I spoke in the commencement of my letter. That Minnie Hawk will achieve a triumph is certain; I only hope her success will not cause her to make as long a stay in America as she has made in Europe. We cannot wait so long before hearing her again.

X.

Brahms's Second Symphony.

"Cherubino," in the *London Figaro* (Oct. 12) reports as follows:—

The first performance in this country of the second symphony of Brahms necessarily attracted a crowd of music-lovers to the first Crystal Palace concert on Saturday last. The symphony was, it is well known, written very shortly after the success of his symphony in C-minor revealed Brahms in a new light, and it was produced at Vienna last Christmas Eve. There has been considerable competition both in Germany and England for the possession of the score, but until its recent publication by Simrock, of Berlin, its performances on the continent have necessarily been few. Here, directly the printed score was received, it was at once placed in rehearsal by several of our London and provincial orchestral societies for production at their earliest concerts. At the Crystal Palace, Mr. Manns has been able, thanks partly to the fact that his concert was the first in point of date, but chiefly to his own indomitable energy and determination, to carry off the palm in this art rivalry. For the past three weeks portions of the symphony have been heard at nearly every ordinary daily concert, and Mr. Manns has thus been able to produce the work with the great advantage of numerous rehearsals for the nucleus of his band. Abroad a general consensus of opinion among foreign critics places the symphony in D as a work of thought as high as any composition of its sort which has appeared for many years, and this judgment, it is said, applies especially to the second movement, which at first hearing certainly seems anything but clear. To the first movement, however, no such objection can be advanced. Its themes are broad and excellently conceived, the orchestration is more easily comprehended than in the first movement of the symphony in C-minor, the contrapuntal writing is excellent, and a lofty purpose prevails throughout. If it show less the composer's individuality than other works we have heard from the same pen, and if it betray evidences of the influence of Brahms's surroundings in Vienna, these facts need detract from the impression it made. In some points, and particularly in the coda, which is a masterly specimen of instrumentation, and in the working out after the repetition of the first part, this movement stands probably unrivalled by anything Brahms has yet given us. Of the second movement no judgment can yet be formed. Foreign critics who have heard it more than once declare it improves upon acquaintance, and that its intricacies and difficulties become comprehensible as the score is more familiar to the hearer. This may be the case, and we must be content to wait. First impressions, however, are as to the movement somewhat disappointing, and the feeling seems to generally prevail that all this ambiguity and darkness are to little or no purpose. If, however, the first two movements are pitched in a lofty strain, the last two are in entire contrast. The third, an allegretto grazioso, in place of the scherzo and trio, is purely Haydnesque—light, gay, and charming. The movement was, Mr. Grove slyly reminds us, accorded the rare honor of an encore at its first performance by the Vienna Philharmonic Society, and although an attempt was made to repeat the compliment at the Crystal Palace, Mr. Grove's delicate little hint proved of no avail. The last movement has been declared by the foreign critics to be Mozartian, and although Mr. Grove cannot see they are right, there is not likely to be any serious disagreement on the point. Like the third movement, the finale is brilliant and even gay, the coda being again an admirable specimen of scoring. The public will doubtless proceed to draw comparisons between Brahms's two symphonies, but however much such comparisons may be desirable, it would be unsafe to do so after the comparative inexperience of a single hearing. This much may, however, be said, that whereas the first symphony was pure-

ly abstract, or, as the Germans would say, "absolute," music, written by its composer for himself and for fame, in the D major there are more abundant signs that Brahms wishes to conciliate the favor of the public. Whether, too, the gaiety of the last two movements does not form an anti-climax to the grandeur of the first and the intricacies of the second, is another question which cannot be decided now. Meanwhile, many heads are at work to enable us to form a judgment. Mr. Weist Hill will produce the symphony at the first of Madame Viard-Louis's concerts at St. James' Hall in November, and Herr Tausch will perform the same service at Glasgow. Mr. Joseph Bennett is engaged in analyzing it for the St. James's Hall performance, Mr. George Grove has already done so for the Crystal Palace, and these are altogether apart from the masterly review contributed by Dr. Franz Hueffer to the *Times*, the first analysis written by Mr. Frost for the *London and Provincial Music Trades Review*, and other criticisms, reports, and analyses. All this shows the great interest taken in a genuine novelty, an interest which does credit to our music lovers, and affords proof of the strides the art has made in this country within the last few years.

PHILADELPHIA, OCT. 19. Wilhelmj opened our season by a concert and matinee performance on the 4th and 5th inst., with the assistance of Mme. Carreno, Piano solo; Miss James, Soprano; Lazzarini, Tenore robusto; Tagliapietra, Baritone. The interest of the occasion, notwithstanding the merit of others of the party, was centred in Wilhelmj, who made a most favorable impression on our *cognoscenti* without, however, creating a *furor* with the general public, who were attracted in large numbers by the great European reputation of the artist.

Wilhelmj reveals all the peculiarities of the Leipzig school; that is to say his *technique* is faultless; bowing, fingering, stopping, *et cetera*, are all that can be asked; yet there is a certain *je ne sais quoi* which you feel for, but do not get; no enthusiasm is created, and you are left in fullest admiration but are not carried away. The fact is, the violin admits of no mediocrity, or the slightest approach to it, and, at the same time, demands imagination, poetry of feeling, breadth of style, largeness of tone, and all those great qualities, not forgetting the *jeu sacré*, which are rarely found combined in one human being. Viotti used to say that the violin required the strength of a porter; this muscular power seems, by his physique, to be in Wilhelmj's possession, but it is apparently kept in reserve. To quote Viotti again, a solo violin must be heard at a distance for the enjoyment of a large round tone, near neighborhood giving the rasping bow and rattling string in too pronounced vibrations for the appreciation of that grand *timbre*, without which stringed instruments are only to be tolerated. I sat but four feet from the performer—not by choice I assure you—and yet his tone was just as sweet as when I was in a distant seat. This is doubtless a fault of the school, not of the individual. If we may believe the traditions, this reproach could not be made against Tartini, Nardini, and the long line of *virtuosi*, which probably passed away with Viotti. Do not let it be inferred from these remarks that Wilhelmj is not a great artist, or that he is not appreciated. Were it otherwise a single line would suffice to dispose of him. I feel that he may safely be named in conjunction with Joachim, to whom in certain artistic features he bears a family resemblance, quite honestly come by too, for they both enjoyed the valuable instructions of that eminent master, Ferdinand David, who, with Mendelssohn, made the Leipzig Conservatorium what it has been, and what it would not have been without their superior ability, theoretic and practical, in the divine art.

"The Mapleson Concert Combination" opened a series of local entertainments, very popular, here,

in which were heard an indifferent orchestra, a soulless pianist, and a toneless violoncellist. Mme. Roze, Messrs. Brignoli and Carleton were the vocalists, and sang with their usual ability. This concert was a good pecuniary speculation, but contributed nothing to the interests of art. This was followed, in the same subscription course, by "The Kellogg-Cary Grand Concert Combination," which was another money success. Miss Kellogg sang some trashy music, for which she ought to blush, but she did not, for I was near enough to see any "cautionary signal" of the approach of that beautiful quality called shame, that might inadvertently appear, even if unbidden. Miss Cary retired after her first song, which was beautifully rendered. Messrs. Rosnati and Conly gave great satisfaction. Mme. Maretzek supplied some numbers for the harp, and Mrs. King performed the inevitable "Rhapsodie" by Liszt, and a *Fuga* by Guilman, in a manner to merit the warm applause which she received.

AMERICUS.

BALTIMORE, OCT. 5.—The Hess English Opera Company opened here last night with *Faust*, at popular prices and with only a fair but enthusiastic attendance. Miss Abbott acted *Gretchen* well, especially in the closing scenes, but her high passages were thin and ineffective, and her trills woefully crude and unscholarly.

Miss Seguin sang and played most perfectly what little she had to do as *Siebel*. Mr. Castle made an acceptable *Faust*, and sang well except when he attempted to soar into the upper regions. Mr. Bragan made a poor soldier and, owing possibly to his nervousness, did not improve perceptibly later on in the duel and dying scene. Mr. Ryse looked and acted the legendary *Mephisto* with repulsive devilry sufficient to please the most fastidious, but his singing was unsteady and very often badly out of tune. In the *Serenade* he committed the unpardonable blunder of coming forward to the footlights and singing his sulphurous sarcasms at the audience instead of serenading *Gretchen*.

The chorus, what little there was of it, was execrable, and the orchestra, probably from want of sufficient rehearsing with the additional pieces from the Opera House Orchestra, was in bad trim. On the whole it was as poorly gotten up an opera, even for an English company, as your correspondent has ever witnessed. There was nothing in the whole performance to justify even a small part of the inordinate advance-puffing with which its advent was heralded, and I regret to say there was but one paper that came forward this morning with a really just, impartial criticism. Despite the statements of a portion of our press to the contrary, the opera on Monday night was but meagrely attended. The lower floor was comfortably filled; that was all. The balcony and gallery were almost empty.

It is announced to-day that "in the second act of the 'Bohemian Girl,' to be played Wednesday night, Miss Abbott will wear a necklace of turquoise and rubies, which were presented to her by Adelina Patti, and in the third act a 'river' of diamonds valued at \$28,000." What a pity this little episode was not arranged for Monday night! The Company remains during this week.

Mr. Max Maretzek is exhibiting his "Metropolitan" orchestra in the Autumn Garden Concerts at the Academy of Music, to small audiences. It was a mistake to bring so many expensive pieces with him while our own material was plentiful. He will be succeeded next week by the Roze Concert Combination.

The Peabody concerts during the coming Winter are to be organized on a new basis; of the particulars you shall be advised later. The plan has every appearance of assuring the usual number of Symphony Concerts. The trustees are not at present in a position to render much assistance to the Musical Department, owing to the bad standing of the Tennessee bonds, constituting a considerable part of the Fund. The new wing to the Institute has been completed, and the entire old wing, consisting of a large hall and retiring rooms, with suitable class-rooms above, is now devoted to the Conservatory. Mr. Hamerik has returned from his European tour and, besides attending to his regular duties, is busily at work on his *Sixth Norse Suite*, and some minor compositions.

OCTOBER 21.—The past week here was marked by two very happy musical events:—the appearance of Wilhelmj and the departure of the English Opera Company. For some unaccountable reason the latter protracted

its stay for another week, the attendance going from bad to worse, despite the continued puffing on the part of our daily press.

Wilhelmj played on Wednesday evening, before a fine house, two movements of Mendelssohn's Concerto, Hungarian airs by Ernst and his own paraphrase on Walther's "Preislied;" and as encores, an Air by Bach in C (on the G string) and a transposition of a Chopin *Nocturne*, by himself. Expectation had been screwed up to the highest pitch, by the glowing reports of his performances abroad and in New York; all came prepared for great things. They were not to be disappointed.

Expression, technique, and manner of performance—all are of the highest artistic order, and exceed the most sanguine expectations. Tall, handsome, dignified, with an agreeable smile playing about a mouth, the lines of which denote great depth of feeling, he stands the ideal German *Künstler*. Modest and unassuming, he makes no effort to produce effects, except the lofty effort to learn the real intention of the composer and interpret it truthfully.

Wonderful is the contrast of tender expression and great power, and the melody is never lost even in the most difficult passages. Other violinists have handled the same difficulties in which Wilhelmj excels, but how often was not melody sacrificed to technique? Wilhelmj's runs, for instance, in thirds, octaves and sixths, are all made so melodiously and with so little evident exertion, that the ordinary observer loses sight of the astounding technical difficulties.

Ole Bull has certain tricks, one might call them, of technique, in which many have tried in vain to equal him, and he delights in showing them. Wilhelmj's great trick is to hide all technical difficulties as much as possible.

Two other points of excellence, which must strike even those unacquainted with the difficulties of the violin, are his "flageolet tones" (always clear, never a single note lost), and his *staccato*. His display of the capabilities of the Violin in Ernst's Hungarian airs, once heard, will never be forgotten.

The support was what might have been expected—rather mediocre. Mme. Theresa Carreno played a Beethoven Sonata with much power, but little artistic expression. She was more fortunate in her performance of a *Nocturne* by Chopin. Miss Kate L. James has a good mezzo-soprano voice with considerable scope, but it lacks cultivation.

It is understood Wilhelmj will appear here again next month.

Next week Max Strakosch's Italian Opera.

MUSIKUS.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 26, 1878.

DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC.

ESTABLISHED IN 1852.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1879.

On the first of January, 1879, this oldest of the many American musical journals will pass from the business management of Oliver Ditson & Co., into the hands of the well-known Boston publishing firm of Houghton, Osgood & Co. It will remain under the editorial charge of JOHN S. DWIGHT, its founder, and will preserve its identity in spirit, principle and purpose, as well as in general outward form and style. It appeals first, and mainly, to persons of taste and culture, lovers of the *best* in Music,—seeking to deserve their sympathy, instead of courting an indiscriminate "popularity," and relying for appreciation more on quality than quantity of matter. Loyal to the masters, the enduring models in the Art, it will yet welcome every sign of wholesome progress.

Regarding this change of publishers as the entrance upon a new era in the Journal's life, the Editor may properly refer to his original prospectus in the first number of the paper (April 10, 1852). These were the chief features promised then, and he renews the promise now:—

Its contents will relate mainly to the Art of Music,

but with occasional glances at the world of Art and polite literature; including, from time to time:

1. Critical reviews of Concerts, Oratorios, Operas; with timely analyses of the notable works performed, accounts of their composers, etc.
2. Notices of new music published at home and abroad.
3. A summary of significant Musical News, from English, German, French, Italian, as well as American sources.
4. Correspondence from musical persons and places.
5. Essays on musical styles, schools, periods, authors, compositions, instruments, theories; on musical education; on music in its moral, social, and religious bearings; on music in the Church, the Concert-room, the Theatre, the Parlor, and the Street.
6. Translations from the best German and French writers upon Music and Art.

This was an aspiration; much of it remains yet to be fulfilled. But in these six and twenty years the Journal of Music has won and held a reputation for its high tone; for the independence and considerate justice of its criticism; for the solid value of its contents, varied, readable, instructive; for its earnest and not wholly unsuccessful efforts to raise the musical taste and standard of our people, and to make the masterworks of genius more appreciated; and for its impartial survey of the whole field of musical Art. It has been much quoted and respected as an authority in Europe and at home.—Now it begins a new life with some positive advantages:—

1. Having no connection, no appearance, even, of identity of interests with the music trade in any of its representatives or branches, the Journal offers a new guaranty—were any needed—of impartial, independent, and sincere expression of opinion.
2. The Editor will be assisted by an able corps of fresh and bright contributors, musical and literary, who will treat the aesthetic problems of the day from various points of view, some of them seeing with young eyes.—For the present may be named: WM. F. APTHORP; A. W. THAYER (the biographer of Beethoven); DR. F. L. RITTER, of Vassar College; W. S. B. MATHEWS, of Chicago; etc.
3. The Journal will take more frequent notice than heretofore of what is passing in the world of Art and Literature in general; and can now promise book reviews and short papers from F. H. UNDERWOOD; poems, letters, essays, from JULIA WARD HOWE, C. P. CHANOH, FANNY RAYMOND RITTER, "STUART STERNE" (author of "Angelo"), and others; Art notes, by WILLIAM M. HUNT, THOMAS R. GOULD (of Florence), THOMAS G. APPLETON; etc.
4. Though not disdaining dry or humble topics, it is not proposed to make this a *school* journal, nor to enter much into the grammar, or the mathematics, or the pedagogy, of the Art. These have their proper organs and their primers.
5. While increasing the proportion of original matter, as much room as possible will still be given to one feature always valued in our Journal,—at least by those who have preserved its volumes, namely: the bringing together of important papers upon Music from all sources, with translations of notable pamphlets, biographical notices of composers and musicians, etc. The mass of valuable matter, critical, historical, biographical, theoretic and aesthetic, stored up in these volumes, has been and is a help to many musical inquirers,—a library in itself.

These attractions, with the better opportunities of the Editor, will, it is hoped, put new life into the old Journal, and render it more interesting than it ever has been. But, for the realization of so comprehensive a programme, many subscribers are essential.

The Journal will be issued fortnightly; price of subscription \$2.50 per year, payable in advance, from January 1, 1879. The terms of advertising will be essentially the same as heretofore. Subscriptions (or notices of intention to subscribe) and advertisements, for the new volume, may be sent to the publishers,

HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & Co.,
220 Devonshire Street,
Boston.

The Promise of the Season.

Boston is likely, after all the long uncertainty, to have a fair share of musical enjoyments during the next six months. Several artistic virtuosos of the first distinction are sure to take us in our turn after they have "done" New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, etc. Numerous travelling "Combinations," in which shine "stars" differing in glory, usurp nearly the entire season's programmes of the Lecture Bureaus, the shrewd managers having discovered that cheap music pays much better on the whole than platform oratory. The Vocal Clubs are in their very heyday of enthusiasm and of public favor, and they increase in number; they are preparing each a series of interesting concerts for their crowded audiences of associate members and invited guests. Our best pianists—some of the best of whom will be sadly missed—will see to it that the piano works of Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, and others old and new, will offer frequent and abundant invitation. Would that we might anticipate as much of other Chamber Music,—of Violin Quartets, etc., in which exquisite department we have fished of late years! And, in all probability, we shall have to famish, until Boston music-lovers shall support a permanent local orchestra, so that the best violinists may be able to live among us and not have to travel all the winter in Quintet Clubs.—The Handel and Haydn Society we have always with us; the Oratorio season knows no drought, and does not even need "Elijah" to intercede for rain this year.—We may have something in the way of Opera before the trees bud out again; possibly the Mapleson troupe, which seems to have made a fine beginning in New York; but all is in the vague as yet.

One thing, however,—and the most important of the elements which constitute a musical season—seems to be out of doubt: *We shall hear some Symphonies!* So far, to be sure, the response of the public to the appeal of the HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION has been far less assuring than it ought to be, to warrant the preparation of the concerts on a liberal and worthy scale. Yet the Committee have taken courage and determined to go on. The Eight Concerts will undoubtedly be given, commencing a month later than usual,—on Thursday, December 5. The other Concerts will probably succeed on the following dates: December 19; January 9 and 30; February 13 and 27; March 13 and 27. The Orchestra will be the best available under the circumstances. It has been impossible to lay out any scheme of programmes, while so much doubt hung over the continuance of the concerts. There will certainly be eight good Symphonies: at least two by Beethoven; one (in C) by Schumann; probably two or three of the least familiar ones by Haydn, and Mozart; certainly the new Symphony in D, (No. 2) by Brahms; and possibly one we have not yet heard by Spohr, or Gade, or even one of our own composers. But let this be borne in mind: *The excellence of the Concerts, the richness and the freshness of the programmes, and the perfection of interpretation must depend very largely on the gain of additional subscribers between this time and December.* Subscription lists may still be found at Mr. Peck's

office, at Ditson's, Pruefer's and Schmidt's music stores, at Chickering's, or with any member of the Concert Committee.

There is also a prospect of five Symphony Concerts at Cambridge, in the Sanders Theatre, and of another five in Boston,—both sets by the Brooklyn Philharmonic Orchestra under Herr Dietrich, and both dependent on the result of a seemingly reluctant, slow subscription, as in our own case of the Harvard Concerts.—And then, looming far ahead, beyond the close of the regular season, say in April, are certain misty but imposing outlines of a whole week's festival of orchestral music to be given by the full New York Philharmonic Orchestra (one hundred men) under their new Conductor, Neuen-dorf.—Here are three chances; may they "pool their issues" (to borrow a slang phrase) in one mutual general success!

ORATORIO. Our old Handel and Haydn Society hold up before us a truly grand prospectus for the sixty-fourth season, from November to Easter. Some of the principal soloists are announced already, namely: For Verdi's *Requiem*, November 24, Madame Rosa Skelding, of New York, said to be a dramatic singer of great power, Miss Adelaide Philipps, Mr. Charles R. Adams and Mr. John F. Winch; for the *Messiah*, December 22, Mrs. Emma R. Dexter, of Cincinnati, (who made so good an impression in the first Symphony Concert last year, and in the recent Worcester festival), Miss Ita Welsh, Mr. William Courtney and Mr. Myron W. Whitney. Negotiations are in progress for competent artists for the subsequent concerts, namely: February 9, Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, a portion of Berlioz's *Childhood of Christ*, and another short work not yet decided on; April 11 (Good Friday), Bach's *St. Matthew Passion Music*, entire for the first time, Part I. in the afternoon, Part II. in the evening; finally, April 13 (Easter), Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*.—Season tickets for these six concerts cost but six dollars each, and are now selling at the Music Hall.

VOCAL CLUBS. The CRECLIA, B. J. Laug, conductor, is earnestly engaged in its weekly rehearsals and will give six concerts, in the Tremont Temple, the first pair in November. The season's programme includes: *L'Allegro ed il Penseroso*, by Handel; *Toggenburg*, short cantata, by Rheinberger; *Manfred*, Schumann; *The Crusaders* (probably with orchestra) Gade; *Miriam's Song of Triumph*, Schubert; Chorus of Reapers, etc., from *Prometheus*, Liszt; choice madrigals, glees, part-songs, etc. And better still, there is some chance that a short Cantata by Bach may be taken in hand, as well as a "New Year's Song" by Schumann.

The APOLLO CLUB, Mr. Lang, director, (as we learn by the *Courier*) will give the first concert of its eighth season in Tremont Temple, December 6. Subsequent concerts will be given in Music Hall, December 9, February 19 and 24, and two in May. The committee make no announcements of the works to be presented. But the associate members may rest assured, had they the need of that assurance, that the programmes will be made up with the care that has thus far been expended on them, that the rehearsals will be thorough, and the performances quite up to the club's high standard. The list of applicants for associate membership now numbers over three hundred names.

Of course the BOYLSTON CLUB, under George L. Osgood's direction, will not be behind with its rich offerings, of which we shall soon have a foretaste.

—And now a new society, the MENDELSSOHN CHORAL UNION, with numerous members of both sexes, has begun rehearsals in the spacious hall of the Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. Stephen A. Emery has been secured as conductor, and Mr.

Alfred D. Turner as pianist. We have not learned whether it is their intention this season to give public concerts.

PIANO RECITALS. Of these we may be sure there will be no dearth. The first announcement is that of Mr. W. H. SHERWOOD,—a series of ten, by subscription, to be given at his music rooms, 21 West Street, beginning early in November. The programmes will be choice and of especial interest to students.—That charming young pianist, Miss WINSLOW, will no doubt let herself be heard again; and so will Miss AMY FAX, who now resides in Boston, and who took part in a Concert of the N. E. Conservatory at Wesleyan Hall last Tuesday noon, together with Miss S. C. FISHER, vocalist. The programme included works by Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, Liszt, Reinecke, Gounod, Jensen and Franz.—Mr. J. M. TRACY will give six free musical soirées at his house this winter, beginning the first Wednesday in November. He will be assisted by several well-known vocalists. The music will be of a high character, but not strictly classical.

—We have only to count up our competent pianists, some mature and others full of promise and of perseverance, to be assured of many such recitals; they must do something to relieve the drudgery of daily lessons.

VIRTUOSOS. The first to visit Boston will be the great violinist, AUGUST WILHELMJ, about whom our Philadelphia and Baltimore correspondents are eloquent today, and of whom our pages have contained glowing accounts during several years past. Two concerts are announced for Monday and Wednesday evening, Nov. 28 and 30. On Monday he will have the assistance of Mme. Teresa Carreno, Miss Kate L. James, Miss Maud Morgan, Sig. Tagliapietra, Mr. Max Liebling, and an orchestra conducted by Carl Zesrahn, in this programme:

Grand Sonata.....	Beethoven
Mme. Teresa Carreno.	
Aria—"Ernani, involami," from "Ernani".....	Verdi
Miss Kate L. James.	
Aria—"Il balen," from "Il Trovatore".....	Verdi
Signor Tagliapietra.	
Grand Concerto for Violin.....	Paganini
Herr August Wilhelmj.	
Harp Solo—"La danse des sylphes".....	Godefridi
Miss Maud Morgan.	
Violin Solo—Paraphrase on the Freilied, from	
Wagner's "Meistersinger".....	Wilhelmj
Fantasia on airs from "Le Prophete".....	Meyerbeer
Mme. Teresa Carreno.	
Aria—"Roberto, tu che adori," from "Roberto	
il Diavolo".....	Meyerbeer
Miss Kate L. James.	
Violin Solo—Airs from "Le Prophete".....	R. Ernst
Song—"La stella confidente".....	Reubardy
Signor Tagliapietra.	

On his way to this country is another famous violinist, the Hungarian, EDOUARD REMENYI, about whom there has been such a *furor* at the Paris Exposition, and of whose wonderful performance Liszt has written with enthusiasm, while some have called him "the Liszt of the violin." While waiting to learn how soon he will appear in Boston, it may be worth while to read what we here reprint from the *Transcript*:

Edouard Remenyi is about forty years of age, and was born at Miskolc, Hungary. His master on the violin at the Vienna Conservatoire was John Böhm, the same who instructed another Hungarian violinist—Joseph Joachim. His artistic career, which he began very early, was interrupted by the Hungarian rising in 1848, in which Remenyi, then quite a boy, took an active part. After the defeat of the insurgents he had to fly his country, and resolved to go to England. But on his way to that country he made the acquaintance of his celebrated countryman, Franz Liszt, who at once recognized his genius, and became his friend and artistic adviser. In 1854, the young artist went to London and was appointed solo violinist to the queen. In 1860, he obtained his amnesty and returned to Hungary, where some time afterwards he received from the emperor of Austria a similar distinction to that granted him in England. In the meantime he had made himself famous by numerous concerts in Paris and other European capitals. After his return home, he seems for a time to have retired from public life, living chiefly on an estate he owned in Hungary; but three years ago he resumed his artistic career in Paris, where he has been living since. Remenyi's great power seems to lie in the fiery, passionate character of his nature, which has the faculty of carrying his hearers away, and making them scarcely less excited than himself, while he appeals to the intellectual side of his listeners far less than does the great German, to whom he seems to be not inferior in technique. His repertory is very large, covering apparently almost the whole field of violin music, from the severer works of Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, and Mendelssohn, down to the works of the later violin composers. Besides these he plays a number of transcriptions of his own of all sorts, Chopin's nocturnes, mazurkas and waltzes, Field's nocturnes, Schubert's songs, and a vast number of selections from operas of all sorts, from Mozart to Wagner.

THE BEETHOVEN MATINEE, given on Friday afternoon (October 11) at Wesleyan Hall, under the auspices of the Boston Conservatory, was essentially the first classical chamber concert of the season. The programme, as announced, was made up exclusively of compositions by Beethoven, including two of the great composer's songs, to be sung by Mr. Carl Pflueger. On account of sudden illness, however, Mr. Pflueger was unable to appear. Mr. S. Liebling and Mr. Albert von Raalte played the lovely sonata for piano-forte and violin in C minor, Op. 30, No. 2, in a manner which allowed everyone whose mood was attuned to the spirit of the music to enjoy it greatly. Mr. von Raalte draws a pure and sympathetic tone from his instrument, neither of great fullness, nor great breadth, but incisive, searching and musical. In his style and phrasing, he reminds one forcibly of his excellent teacher, Mr. Julius Eichberg. In fact Mr. Eichberg has too marked a musical individuality to make it easy for an intelligent pupil of his not to reflect it in his playing. It is not reasonable to look for marked individuality of style in so young a man as Mr. von Raalte, and happy is the young violinist who can give evidence of so much musical sensibility, and such pure musical perception as he does, influenced by such a thoroughly musical mind as that of his teacher. It is not every young, untried musician, just on the point of snapping his leading strings, and beginning to look into the world of music with his own eyes, who can rely upon such sound teaching, and feel that in following his master's guidance he does no dishonor to his own self. Mr. Liebling played the ever beautiful Sonata Op. 27, No. 2 with a young man's intensity of feeling, seconded by the technical ability of a well-trained pianist. If he did not sound all the depths of that well-nigh unfathomable work—a composition to which all the rhapsodies of writers on music have fallen far short of doing justice, and which even the greatest pianist approaches with religious humility and awe—he played it honestly, with heart-felt fervor and singleness of purpose. In the *Andante con moto* from the Sonata Op. 67 (*appassionata*) he showed more pose and maturity of conception than he has yet done. The final *Allegro*, however, seemed somewhat hurried, and recklessly played. The rendering was full of fire and intense verve, but these intoxicating qualities displayed themselves somewhat at the expense of artistic reserve, and that keen insight into the finer musical characteristics of the movement, without which a wholly satisfying rendering cannot be realized. Yet Mr. Liebling's playing was, as it always is, sincere, heartfelt, and free from unworthy trickery.—*Courier*, October 13.

Opera at Pompeii.

A somewhat startling announcement recently appeared in a Naples paper, to the effect that "the theatre of Pompeii, after having been closed for eighteen centuries, and being fully repaired, will soon be opened by Signor Luigni with a performance of 'La Figlia del Reggimento.'" The new manager at the same time bespoke the favor of the public, which had so generously patronized his predecessor, Marcus Quintus Martius; and assured it that there was no reason to fear a repetition of the deplorable accident by which that enterprising *impresario* had lost his vocation, and his audience their lives. It is, of course, quite possible to give a performance in the hoary old amphitheatre where the people of Pompeii had crowded to witness a contest of gladiators, when the showers of Vesuvian lava-dust overcame them. The edifice was so well preserved by the lava that, having now been excavated, it is still almost intact; and the modern Neapolitans may as easily throng upon its long, semicircular rows of stone seats as did the contemporaries of Sallust, Pliny, and Diomedes. As we think of the old theatre of Pompeii once more alive with a throng of pleasure-seekers, attired for the most part in the homely and unnoticeable every-day costume of our time, with here and there an oasis of brilliant color afforded by the showy dress of a Neapolitan peasant, we cannot help conjuring up the last scene witnessed there in the olden time; the white, looped up togas and the narrow fillets of the patricians, Diomedes in his sandals and with his big gold rings, and the rows of dark-eyed, disolute matrons and daughters, in their waistless robes and daintily coiffed tresses. The *opera bouffe* and the pantomime, which one may see now and then in full career in the very tomb of the Imperial Augustus at Rome, and which will, perhaps, replace the legitimate lyrics at Pompeii, are, indeed, the descendants of very ancient dramatic performances; but very different are they from the fierce and barbaric pastimes which made the fairest women of Southern Italy scream with delight from the Pompeian tiers eighteen centuries ago. The "Tragic Theatre," as it was called—and tragic, verily, it was—was the favorite resort of the rich Romans who flocked to Pompeii as a summer watering-place. Its audiences will now consist of the motley throng of foreign tourists who go to see the most impressive ruins in Europe, and of the not less motley gathering of Calabrian peasants, who, thoughtless or ignorant of the historic memories of the spot, will go simply to be amused and laugh.—*Appleton's Journal*, Editor's Table.

MINNIE HAUCK AND SIGNOR FOLL. A gossiping reporter of the *New York Herald*, who went forth to meet the Mapleson troupe on their arrival, says:

Miss Minnie Hauck was a very goodly sight to behold, clad in a close-fitting blue travelling dress. Her face is decidedly pretty and lacking little of being handsome, with laughing grayish brown eyes, a good nose, full, well-shaped lips, that when parted showed very white

and regular teeth, and a rich, warm complexion. She went away from New York nine years ago to study music, a tall, sixteen-year-old girl. She returned for a brief visit in 1876, a large and too stout young woman. She now appears fresh from her foreign triumphs, neither a slim girl nor a stout Fräulein, but an elegant, self-possessed lady. In Vienna she was very successful. In Berlin the emperor was good enough to take a liking to her. The emperor's favorites were "Mignon" and the "Daughter of the Regiment." The emperor in his box was always the first to begin the applause. "In Brussels I appeared in 'Carmen,'" she said. "I sang it in the French. You know it is a French opera. It is called an opera comique, but it is not at all like the American idea of an opera comique. The music is essentially Spanish, and the opera is very tragic. I was fortunate in being able to sing it in French, for I got a great many ideas and situations that are not in the Italian at all. I don't know whether New Yorkers will like 'Carmen' at first. It is unlike any other opera; it grows upon an audience. The first night in London people did not know what to say. They looked at each other, as much as to say, 'Shall we like it?' But after the first night it grew steadily in favor. It is a very trying opera, and, musically, very ungrateful. I am on all the time from the time the curtain goes up until the end. Other characters have single, beautiful arias, and gain more applause than I with my whole evening's singing. But all my music is charming, and the treatment is splendid. Signor Foll, the basso, is sure to be a prime favorite. He is an Irishman by birth, and an old resident of Hartford, where he worked at his trade of carpenter and builder. He had a fine bass voice, and his friends persuaded him to go abroad and study. He decided to do so, and was about to start when the war broke out. He immediately set about enlisting a company, and had fifty men enlisted, but his friends brought all their entreaties to bear, and got him off for Europe, so the country lost a good soldier in Lieutenant Foley, and gained a fine basso in Signor Foll. "You see," he said, "I found that these Italians couldn't get my name right. They called me Foley and the like. So I just changed the 'y' to an 'l' and they had it all right. Nature was good to me, and I worked hard. Anyhow I've made a good bit of money. Let me tell you I am the longest-legged basso on the stage, and I get twice, yes, three times, as much money as any other basso."

MUSICAL STRIFE. Johann Patlik, a musician, and Josef Kammerberger, a journey-man tailor, occupy rooms on the ground floor opposite each other in the courtyard of a house in the Barichgasse, Vienna. Josef Kammerberger is a member of what is called a "Veterans' Association," and on festive occasions discharges the indispensable duties of drummer. It is true he has never been a soldier, but this is a fact which, in the case of many such associations, is no wise acts as an obstacle to one's becoming a member. At his leisure hours, Josef used to practise in his room on the drum, while Herr Patlik, on the opposite side of the courtyard, worked away at his double-bass. Every time, however, that the zealous Veterans' Drummer began his deafening exercises, the musician used to burst forth in strong invectives; he could not hear what he was himself playing, and was compelled to leave off until the other had finished. Last May, the double bass's rage reached its culminating point, for, contrary to his expectation that Kammerberger would practice less assiduously as he grew more efficient, Kammerberger did nothing of the sort, but, after thoroughly mastering the signals and marches, went on beating the unoffending drum more savagely than ever. One day, the musician, unable to contain himself any longer, hurled an empty beer bottle with such violence into the drummer's room that the vessel was dashed into a thousand fragments, which fell in a shower over and around the assiduous drummer. The drumming ceased, and the next moment, Kammerberger, looking much startled, appeared at his window, peering about after the person who had flung the missile. At the opposite window he caught sight of Herr Patlik who, evidently glorying in what he had done, and armed with his double-bass, was making the most hideous grimaces as though he wanted to annihilate the drummer. This sent the valiant Kammerberger into a furious rage. Snatching up a heavy music book strongly bound in pig skin he sent it with all his force at the aggressor. This was the signal for a regular bombardment. Patlik had another empty beer bottle handy; this he forthwith despatched after the first, while Kammerberger answered incontinently with a pomatum pot that happened to be in the window. Patlik now seized a petroleum can, which, without stopping to consider, he threw at his adversary; Kammerberger's reply was a flower pot, sent flying with such force that, passing through Patlik's window, it continued its course, until it exploded in a hundred fragments on the door at the opposite side of the room. Both combatants indulged in language of a highly personal and uncompromising kind, while the persons who, attracted by the hubbub, had hurried to the spot, kept at a respectful distance so as to be out of reach of the missiles that were following each other in such quick succession through the air. A few days ago, Herren Patlik and Kammerberger appeared at the police-court. They had each taken out a summons against the other. The whole story was gone through by principals and witnesses, the former working themselves up to such a pitch of excitement that, had such objects been ready at hand, empty beer-bottles, pomatum pots, music books, and so on, would have been flying about the court. Eventually, the magistrate succeeded in effecting a reconciliation and the two cross summonses were discharged.—*London Musical World*.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Oh! to be home again! Eb 4. c to F. *Reden*. 40
"Mother is calling,—calling, calling, calling."
Very pathetic, and portrays the agitated thoughts and speech of the dying one who so longed for home.
- The Everlasting Shore. G 4. d to g. *Pinsuti*. 35
"I am waiting for the music
Of a voice heard long ago."
- Upon one stormy Sunday. G 3. E to g. *Carlton*. 30
"Coming adoon the lane
Were a score of bonnie lasses."
One of the sweetest of Scotch ballads. Sing it and believe it!
- Forget or die. Bb 3. b to E. *V. V.* 30
"What is left then, to the heart,
But forgetting, or else dying?"
Quite effective and full of feeling.
- My Mother's Bible. Song and Chorus. G 2 d to E. *Roscowig*. 35
"My mother's hands this Bible clasped."
Well known words, to new and simple music.
- Nora Macarty. Bb 3. d to F. *Booth*. 30
"She's the completest
Of girls, and the neatest."
Merry, "neat," and very pretty Irish ballad.
- Daschinka, or The Star of the North. G minor and major. 3. d to F. *Pinsuti*. 30
"When you do come, will you stay?
Will you smile and fade away?"
Pretty Russian or Swedish Song, quite original.

Will we never meet again. Song and Cho. C 3. E to g. *Speck*. 30
Pleasing love song, in popular style.

I am waiting Essie, for thee. Aria for Guitar. C 3. E to E. *Brown*. 35
Well known popular song. Nearly all such are arranged for Guitar, as well as Piano, and may be so ordered.

The Star. (L'étoile). D 4. E to A. *Faure*. 35
"Choose me, my best beloved,
One from the bright stars gleaming."
Charming alike in words, sentiment and music.

Instrumental.

- Rakóczy Overture. 4. *Béla*. 1.00
Overture to the Hungarian Drama "Rakóczy in Prison," and includes the celebrated March.
- Artist's Joy Waltz. (Wiener Kunstler Abende.) 3. *Dubez*. 75
Some of the bright Vienna music that keeps the world from stagnating.
- Greeting of Spring. (Frühlingsgrüss). G 4. *Schultze*. 35
Expressive of the thoughts and the music accompanying the genial season.
- Along the Shore. Op. 99. Reverie. Eb. *G. D. Wilson*. 60
Mr. W. then, has been idyllic by the Sea-side, and to good purpose. Very melodious.
- Wandering Brook. Ab. *Morris*. 60
The same vein of thought as that in Tennyson's poem, but musically expressed.
- Red Bird Waltz. Fine Lithograph title. C 2. *Becht*. 40
Just the piece for a young pupil.
- Paul et Virginie Waltzes. 3. *D'Albert*. 60
This is the Virginie of the story, and not the more modern one that "never tires." Nor should we tire very soon of the dance or the music.
- Potpourri from Babes in the Wood. 4 hands. 3. *Maylath*. 75
Six melodies, all very popular.
- Original Composition for the Organ. By Dr. Henry Stephen Cutler. No. 1. Andante. A 5. 35
Dr. C. as we know, is a "born organist," and a master of his instrument. The Andante is for Manual and Pedal, and is a good beginning to a somewhat extensive set of similar pieces.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E." means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter E on the 4th space."

